

## Poetry for the Times.

—x—

When Summer with her golden ~~veat~~  
Upon the earth was seen,  
The woods were by her fingers dres't  
In robes of brightest green.

Long shady arches then they made  
Above the dusty way,  
To shield the traveler who strayed  
Beneath the heat of day.

When o'er the fields the sickles keen  
Cut the tall harvest down;  
September changed our robes of ~~green~~  
Into a dusty brown.

Till now October's chilling blast  
Sweeps down with mournful ~~tone~~,  
And scatters as it rushes past  
The leaves on earth alone.

So do our joys and pleasures last  
But for a fleeting day,  
Blown by each gust of sorrow's ~~blast~~,  
Like Autumn leaves away.

The hopes that are to-day as bright  
As Spring-time's earliest bloom  
Are soon are touched by Fortune's blight,  
And haste us to the tomb.

P. A. MORGAN,  
Co. E, 1st U. S. V. Inf.

Printed at Woolwine, D. T., 1865